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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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Selections.

From the London Daily News.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

A public meeting has been recently held at Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields, for the purpose of receiving Frederick Douglass, a fugitive American slave, and hearing from him a statement of his personal condition, both in law and practice, of 3,000,000 of slaves in the United States. It will be remembered by the readers of the Daily News, that in the second meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, held at Freemasons' Hall, on Monday last, the practice and the proceedings in an advanced hour, interfered with the promised statement. In consequence an arrangement was made for a special meeting, hence the assemblage of last night. The place of meeting was filled soon after the doors were opened. Mr. Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, was called to the chair, and was supported on the platform by Mr. G. W. Alexander, Rev. T. H. Hinton, Rev. Dr. Carlile, M. Stafford Allen, Rev. Dr. Godwin, Rev. Dr. Campbell, and many other advocates of the anti-slavery cause. Mr. Frederick Douglass, in a speech which occupied upwards of two hours and a half in the delivery, detailed the horrors of the system of slavery still practised in the Southern States of America—a system of which, as a slave, he had the personal knowledge which twenty-one years of journey-work entitled him to claim. He contended that though Slavery was recognized in fifteen States out of the twenty-eight, yet that Slavery was an United States institution, for that the free States afforded their aid and power to the slaveholding States to perpetuate the system, and, in three means, one-sixth of the population of democratic America were in a state of Slavery, and made a marketable commodity according to the will and capture of their slaveholding masters. All the political leaders of future themselves were bred in the West Indies, including the whip, the gag, the thumbscrew, the fetters, the cat-hauling, the bloodhounds were all in use at present in the United States. In anybody doubted the fact, he would appeal to "Dickens's American Notes," as the could to a thousand other witnesses, to prove the truth of his statement. Not only the laws, but the religion of the Southern States sanctioned the atrocities which were practised. Did not the ministers of the Gospel in the South, but the pulpit there stood forth the great defender of the accursed institution, and, in practice, bellowed out its creed to the world. America's rule were sold to enslave them, and babes were sold to purchase Bibles and communion services. To read of slavery, however, he appeared to be trifling to use her powerful influence with America to set free three millions of human brethren. In this country Slavery was denounced and execrated, and justly, and, by its means, to hold communion with slaveholders had become unpopular. He regretted deeply the course pursued by the Free Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, who had visited America two years ago, and had received pecuniary aid from the slaveholding States; and he hoped that the Free Church would not conduct itself in future, by sending back the money to those guilty parties from whom it had been obtained—that this moral lesson would do more to unnerve the tyranny by which the slaves were held in thraldom, than any other means to which resort could be had. The speaker, who delivered himself with considerable clearness and much energy, was loudly cheered throughout his oration. The Rev. Dr. Campbell addressed the meeting, and expressed a hope and belief that the Free Church of Scotland would adopt the advice which had been tendered, and would send back the money collected in the United States of America. The reverend gentleman moved a resolution, to the effect that the cordial thanks of the meeting be conveyed to Frederick Douglass, the representative and advocate of three million American slaves, whose deplorable condition, both in law and practice, reflected the deepest disgrace upon the religious profession and Christian professions of the United States, and excited in the heart of every friend of humanity and freedom the liveliest sympathy and condolence. The resolution having been briefly seconded by Mr. G. W. Alexander, was carried by acclamation; as was also a second, moved by Mr. James W. Peter, of Bristol, and seconded by Mr. Scoble, that it was the duty of the Free Church of Scotland to send back the money received from American slave-owners, and, by adopting a firm and Christian testimony against the crime of American Slavery. In the course of the evening it was stated that Frederick Douglass had left America a wife and four children, and it was suggested that an effort ought to be made to bring his family to him, as he could not return to America without incurring the risk of being seized, and restored to his legal owner. To carry out this object, Mr. Sturge, and Mr. G. W. Alexander, at once put down their names for one hundred pounds each. The example was liberally followed, and it was determined, without delay, to send out for the wife and family. Mr. George Stanger concluded the proceedings by a short address, and the meeting broke up at half-past ten o'clock.

From the Boston Courier.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A test vote was taken in the New Hampshire House of Representatives on Friday, upon the corporation question, the immediate subject before the House being "a bill authorizing the increase of the capital stock of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company; the question was on an amendment proposed by Mr. Swasey, of Haverhill, that said bill and all that may appear upon said bill, and the acts to which this is addition," was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the negative,—yeas 109, nays 132. There are about 260 members who hold seats in the House. Subsequently, a similar bill, concerning the Columbian Manufacturing Company was passed—yeas 132, nays 105.

On the same day, some resolutions, offered by Mr. Low, of Dover, relating to the Tariff and Slavery, were taken up for consideration. They repudiated the former policy of the party leaders in New Hampshire with both these subjects, affirmed the right and expediency of protecting American labor, and disclaimed all sympathy with Slavery. Mr. John P. Hale offered a preamble and resolutions as substitutes for those of Mr. Low, in which he took strong anti-slavery ground, but omitted all reference to the Tariff. In a speech upon the subject, he said the original preamble and resolutions "placed the *Tariff* before *Man*—labor before liberty. He was for man first; let us secure for him liberty, and then he would go with the gentleman into the sheep-fold."

Mr. Hadley, of Weare, one of the Radical leaders, submitted a string of resolutions as a substitute for those of Messrs. Low and Hale, which declared opposition to a Tariff for protection—favored a Revenue Tariff with "incidental protection," that conning device of *safe* politicians, and abhorrence of the regular Free-Traders—and deplored the existence of Slavery as "a great moral, social, and political evil," but expressed any immediate interference therewith, which might endanger the safety of the Union. The House ordered four hundred copies of each resolution to be printed, and the whole subject was then postponed to Thursday next.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

FIGHTING FOR SLAVERY.

An officer of the army, writing from the camp opposite Matamoras, says:

"Some three of four of the officers' slaves have run away. Of course every inducement is offered from the other side. Maj. R.'s boy returned, and said he was treated with 'the most distinguished consideration'—had the first seat at the table, and the best bed in the house." There will be great difficulty in keeping the slaves upon the river, and I presume in the final settlement of this question it will be an important point to be demanded."

If one of the objects of the war is to make an arrangement with Mexico, by which she will bind herself to capture and send back runaway slaves, Northern Slavery-hating men will, we think, be much the less backward in the work. We will fight to defend our Southern brethren from invasion, and in the support of their just rights, but we cannot fight to extend the area of Slavery, or to compel Mexico to turn negro-hunter for the slaveholders of the South. Would to heaven that every slave in the United States could escape to freedom. The nation would be relieved of a crushing curse, and liberty and humanity would be vindicated.

From the Western Citizen.

CRUELTIES OF SLAVERY.

Dear Brother Eastman:—It is our duty to remember those in bonds as bound with them; and to refresh our memories, I thought I would relate a case or two of cruelty, which, if you think best, you can publish.

I was informed by a fugitive a few months since that he once lived in the State of Mississippi four years, on a cotton plantation. He said that one Sunday morning the drivers called over the slaves' names, and two were missing, when the master and the overseers took measures to give them a general flogging. He said that there were all told, and they were put into a cabin, and one at a time taken out, and stretched upon the earth, with face downwards, and hands and feet bound to four stakes, when the overseers by turns did the whipping, while the master sat by with bowie-knife and pistol in hand, and encouraged the action by his and when it was enough. Two of the men, with whom these lived who were missing, received fifty blows with the paddle—their hands tied, and then one of them died in two days. There were about one hundred whipped, and it was near night when they got through, they unfortunately had to flog some two hundred and fifty lashes, and he carries with him the evidence of the transaction. He says there were only two of the plantation in four years in being shot, and thirty-six whipped to death. Are those who do such things punished? Not they.—In the sole of our accepted there is power.

Another case. A man called on me, last February, from the South. He stated that two years ago he left his master's plantation, and had travelled about one hundred miles when he was taken up and returned to his master. He arrived home on a Saturday night, when his master and overseer took him to the slaveholders' law, (a building previously prepared a bundle of hickories,) where they tied him to a bench, when by turns they whipped him until they were tired out, they then unbound him, and ordered him to get up, but he could not stir. They lifted him to his feet, but he could not stand. He was then tied up by the wrists, so as to put pieces of skin, and that two streams ran across the floor, and so left him to think. For a week he lay only on his face. What a punishment! for walking on God's earth, enjoying life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! Is to say the man or brother? Is not his fellow thus must be a monster!—My informant said his master was a great brother in the Methodist church. When the man had ended his story, I said, I must see his back, which I did; and from his bend to his heels, bear scars and marks almost innumerable. Oh, what sufferings unknown to the world, under the supposed at the last great day. Yours for the oppressed.

I. LEONARD.

Lowell, May 11th, 1846.

From the True American (Olmsted Falls O).

CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY.

How strange it is that men profess-ing the principles of the Christian religion, are for a moment subjection to their Slavery a sin of the first magnitude. Suppose our divine Redeemer should confessedly to dwell again with us on earth, in the light should we look upon him, if he became a slaveholder, or raised his voice, it exerted his influence in support of such institutions? How different would then he his teachings from what they were 1800 years ago. "God is not good unto all his creatures, and his tender mercies are not over all his works." "Love not thy neighbor as thyself." "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all men, Jew and Gentile." "Let not the oppressed go free." These and many other such sentiments would then fall from the lips of him who is the author of his Christian's faith. But when should the language of a divine being, what may we suppose the opinion of the devil to be, on this subject.

From the London Daily News.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES—No. II.

From our two preceding articles it may seem, that our title is a misnomer, and that we should, with more propriety, have designated our imperfect sketches a history of Slavery, rather than of Anti-Slavery. But we deemed it necessary to convey some slight idea of the general state of feeling on this important topic, before we gave an account of the labors of the Abolitionists. Otherwise, it would seem to our readers, after we had done with our subject, that the atrocious deeds of these heroic men and women had accomplished nothing; so degraded and so dark does the public mind remain, even yet, in regard to this dreadful wickedness, which, if not speedily repented of, and atoned for, will, unless God has lost his attribute of justness either dissolve the Union, or deluge the Southern States in blood.

Had the territory of the United States been confined to its original limits, it is possible that Slavery would have perished of sheer inanition in most of the States of the old Confederacy. No slaveholders, except those of South Carolina, have been found base enough to argue that it blasted the soil which it was allowed to disgrace; and, it may be, that necessity would have died asunder those fetters which prejudice and interest, selfishness, have been so long powerless to sever. The purchase of Louisiana and Florida, and the erection of new slaveholding States on the south-west, gave new life and vigor to the breeding of slaves in Maryland and Virginia. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the professed object of the General Government to suppress the African Slave-Trade should be attributed more to a sense of its glaring inconsistency with the ridiculous pretensions of freedom, or a desire to foster and encourage a native manufacture, whose safety was endangered by foreign competition. The act of Congress, prohibiting the African trade practically, may be regarded in the light of a tariff for the protection of the internal traffic. The effect of climate upon manufactures, and upon the human mind and passions, has been largely speculated upon by modern physiologists; but we believe that the discovery of its wonderful influence in changing the complexion of moral obligations, is exclusively due to American ethics. Thus, the residence of a creditor in England renders him a very unfit person to receive a debt due in Pennsylvania, and converts what we are afraid all the lexicographers would conspire to denominate swindling, into patriotism and resistance to British aggression. In the same manner, that trade which some peculiarity of the Guinea Coast, fatal to the commercial enterprise of free and enlightened republicans, darkens into piracy, seems to establish a prescriptive title to the presidential chair, if carried on, and that, too, if we may trust the evidence of a Virginian Governor, with greater sincerity under the very eaves of the Capitol.

As we trace with increasing disgust the decline and fall of most liberal and even of republican and manly independence on this subject: as we see the very Government itself joining in the deep-mouthed bay of the bloodhound as he track of the wretched fugitive from "the land of the brave, and the home of the free;" as we hear members from the free States defend the principle of the extradition of this so object a strain, as to call forth rebuke even from slaveholders themselves; we are tempted to consider the Abolitionists as presumptuous fanatics, who have hitherto met with as mere hypocritical concessions to the conventional decencies of civilization. Even this illusion must have been thrown off, and the American Government stands confessed, though with a certain awkward coyness and reluctance, as an institutions for the protection and extension of the cruel darkness against the fatal shafts of light; of atrocious cruelty and wrong against the encroaching spirit of justice and humanity. Like the Pharisee, made amiss" of the old Fabian, the unspotted robe of freedom in which it would fain have disguised its deformity, it stands, and shrinks confusingly away, leaving its harlot deformity exposed to the jeers and mockeries of the world.

> "For, ever as they fastened it, it loosed,
> And fell away, as feeling secret blame."

It must, at last be said, that in the few years immediately following the adoption of the Constitution, the Federal Government felt itself under the necessity of appearing, on all public occasions, to disconntenance Slavery. That it was restricted from the power to prohibit it in newly formed States, is evident from the fact that when Georgia and Carolina ceded to the Union their territories, now States, they did so with the express reservation that the cherished "domestic institution" was not to be interfered with. That it was understood in the States, they did so with the express reservation that the cherished "domestic institution" was not to be interfered with. That it was understood in the States was the desire of Congress to cleanse this blot from the national character, it does not appear that this reservation was necessary in the case of the cession of the territory, and new slaveholding States were carved out of it and admitted to the Union without comment. That the Government felt itself restricted, more and more impotent, the errors of Government opened, in exact proportion, to the horrors of the African slave trade. When Louisiana was ceded to the territorial Government, Congress forbade the importation thither of slaves from the coast of Africa; but they immediately poured in their contraband to the detriment of the honest, domestic dealer. It would naturally be supposed, that these unhappy beings were emancipated on their arrival in the country; but it appears, that the only result of the few informers which took place, was, that the victims were sold under the name of servants for a number of years (the States officer,) for the benefit of the State. Another proof that it was not humanity, but a desire to protect an important property in slaves, which led to the interference of the Government in its prohibitory enactment.

The American Government must have been born when the sign Cancer was lord of the ascendant, for its course has been unhumanly and consistently backward. Empowered to prohibit Slavery in new States, by the very constitution of their being, it has suffered it to be introduced into all its original territory, but has seized Texas, and now fixes its vulture fangs in Oregon, that it may have a victim for its stellar system of democracy. The mouth of England may be closed from reprimanding it with a hint of its own inconsistency, but the shrieking and writhing of the handcuffed have at least never been blazoned on the banner under which she conquered. The Government has, indeed, in the most flagrant cases, been suspected of procuring that other Government should unite with it in sending to Africa, for the purpose of sale, the victims of the English Normanby, in conformity with its own request, acceded to in Convention for the purpose of suppressing the slave trade, occasioned the passage of an Act of Parliament to pronounce it piracy, the Cabinet at Washington refused to concede a qualified and reciprocal right of search, (which could have been no hardship to the seizure,) and only consented to it in the subsequent, and totally unexpressly limited to the African coast. Indeed, during the thirty-nine years which have elapsed since the Act of Congress was passed, which made it a crime punishable by death, to be convicted of prosecuting this traffic, subject to all the means and penalties of piracy, only two convictions have been obtained, and in both instances the slave trade is strenuously carried on in American vessels, and by American citizens. The hanging of pirates is not an unpleasing thing in Christian States, and yet the convicted offenders in these two cases were only sentenced to a fine and imprisonment, and one of them was afterwards pardoned by the President, on the ground of previous good conduct, and the fortunate practicability of possessing an aged mother, as his support and consolation! not after all his works, of unblemished reputation, according to the codes of Congo and Dahomey, (from whose time-honored principles at least the Southern States have not yet departed,) but because they had come into the world by any other than the usual maternal process. It is hardly possible that the American Government could present a parallel to the poor Africans to have been brought into the world like the Egyptian chickens, and that their filial sentiments could be supposed to have been affected by their aged mother and exceedingly *acide* carrie.

The inevitable tendency of the slaveholding system is to create in men a lust of power and an unscrupulousness as to the means of attaining and the manner of exercising it. It is not to be supposed that a people who have long suffer the white man put into their hands by the unequal system of representation to rust for want of use. They have gained and held in uninterrupted acquisition of supreme power, necessarily involved in swindling the English Government of a sum exceeding two hundred thousand pounds sterling, as compensation for certain slaves who had fled from their masters in the British West Indies, and some other fraud of the English Bore during the late war with America, and whom Admiral Cockburn honorably refused to surrender to the claim of the lawful slaveholders. Thus it prosecuted the Seminole war, at a vast expense of money and a yet greater one of reputation, because it was undertaken to afford an asylum and shelter to fugitives from that condition, which, if we might trust the American pictures of it, is without exception the most degraded and miserable, and the most miserable remnant of a savage tribe was willing to act the good Samaritan to those who found in the condition of slavery a state of life and vigor to that of lying an uglier likeness of the thieves. Thus it allowed the armed invasion of the acknowledged territory of the General Government to suppress the lawful sensible of individual rights to submit tamely to that clause of the Mexican Constitution which forbade her holding slaves, and which put Americans theories and professions in practice. To what end this invasion tended let the recent annexation of Texas make manifest. The American trade prays England a stipulation for the surrender of fugitive slaves who had found a refuge in Canada. In this we have no concern, unconnected as we are with it, but we be surprised if, under that article of the Ashburton treaty which provides for the mutual rendition of criminals, it should not be found necessary to place those atrocious culprits who (by a literal *falo de se*) have stolen themselves. Thus it refuses to interfere with the slave-trade in the district of Columbia, the national seat of Government, a territory under the immediate control of Congress, and will not grant a hearing even to any petitions for its abolition. To give some idea of the kind of liberty and equality maintained by these republican legislators, we will only state the simple fact that the United States Marshal of the District may commit in good, at his pleasure, any person suspected of being a slave; and, if he be not claimed by his master, or if no proof of his freedom be forthcoming after an advertisement in the newspapers of the district, he must be sold as a slave for the payment of the jail fees, a bribe being thus offered to his official organ to make merchandise of his victim! In accordance with this humane policy was the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1842, denying the right of trial by jury to any person claimed as a slave in any of the free States. From this opinion of the Court only one of the judges, McLean, of Ohio, dissented.

But instead of citing individual cases, which we might multiply far beyond the limits of our space, it will be enough for us to show how completely the preponderate a share Slavery has contrived to obtain for itself in the administration of public affairs. From this it will be evident that the influence of the Government must necessarily always be exerted on the side of wrong and oppression. Of the ten Presidents only four have been fairly chosen from the free States. Of these, John Adams, and his son, John Quincy Adams, were elected before any organized opposition to Slavery had sprung up; Mr. Van Buren was professedly a Northern man with Southern principles, and showed himself not only eager, but unnaturally adroit, to become the pliant tool of the despotic "patriarchs of the South;" and General Harrison, though resident in Ohio (a free State), was a native of Virginia, and was well understood to be sound on the question of abolitionism. This phrase we ought to say, has a meaning precisely the reverse of what might be expected in a democratic country, especially in one where the freest article of possible, fonder of Slavery than the slaveholders themselves, and that he will be ready to do any thing for the world will think proper or too polite to do for itself. By the death of General Harrison, within two months after his inauguration, the functions of the Executive power might have fallen into the hands of some good Samaritan, who would have put her out of the grasp of her clerical oppressor.

From the Liberty [Cadiz, O.] Advocate.

THE GREAT SLAVE!

Can the Rev. Mr. Thomas or Fullerton inform us what the Rev. Mr. Henderson, fellow commissioner to the late Old School Assembly, from Augusta, Kentucky, did with the slave he took to Pittsburg? and in defence of whom, from the interference of Abolitionists, he said he was prepared to go into eternity? Did he sell her in Maryland or Virginia, to get funds to enable him to spend a few weeks at Saratoga, and assist in replenishing the treasury of the Lord who has the Gospel might be sent to the perishing heathen abroad? or did he exchange her for a Theological Library—a span of fine horses and a splendid carriage? Perhaps he left her in the care of some brother in the Lord, as he passed through Maryland, until his return. We feel somewhat anxious to know, for we really hope she might have fallen into the hands of some good Samaritan, who would have put her out of the grasp of her clerical oppressor.

"NIGGERS."

—Words are things, says some writer. It is often the fact. Apply a degrading and calumnious epithet to a man or a class, and you are current to the crime, and its subject feels the wound—the very cream and poison of cruelty. Oh! what a sin is the "Sin of Cain!" Now, this is one epithet of pure internal ignominy—which, as a citizen, a Christian, and a minister of Christ, I regard with mortal horror, linked to that of blasphemy, as an overt moral breach of the third commandment. It ought to be denounced universally, and be considered as fully monitted and branded as the example of Cain himself is use! I view it as treason against human nature and against God; alluding, for example, to a voluntary *ejaculation*, which, I fear, was spoken during lately in the Tabernacle—" what! niggers vote!" It shames me to write it *Father forgive them! for they know not what they do.*—[Rev. Dr. Cox.

Communications.

Anti-War Meeting at Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, June 21st, 1846.

MR. EDITOR:—Modern again has been the order of the day. The rights of the people, which the Constitution says is their right, the right of peacefully expressing their opinion, has been trampled under foot; and this has been done, not by little lords, nor by wild and unbridled tyrants, but by what is demominated the respectable portion of the community. A call for a meeting (numerously and respectably signed) of the friends of peace, humanity, and the Gospel, had been published for some days in the village papers. The meeting was to have taken place on Thursday evening, in the spacious saloon of the Empire House. On the morning of the day, an editorial appeared in the Daily Star, to the effect that the commencement of this infernal outrage on Mexico, has been marked with a *spontaneous* humility on the masses that be; in which, by the way, I must differ from the editor of the Star, who wish to uphold the Government in the prosecution of this glorious war, to mee: also, and *present* an expression going forth from the meeting denunciatory of the conduct of the Executive Government. At the appointed hour, the people assembled in great numbers, and at half-past seven the meeting was called to order by Mr Charles A. Wheaton, who nominated Judge Hogeboom as chairman, and Mr. J. Beason, Esq. then moved an amendment, by substituting the name of General E. D. Hopping, of Stillinn, one of their choice war spirits, and this was a signal for the war party to commence their operations. Seeing the turn affairs had taken, the peace party kept quietly seated, (although in numbers far superior,) allowing the snobbites to say and do as they listed, without giving them the least interruption. After a little time, Mr. May arose, and proposed that the friends of the original call should retire to some other place. Mr. Wheaton then proposed an adjournment to the Congregational Church. The majority present then seized amid the jeers, hisses, and hootings of the war party. A thunder and lightning shower then came on, in these civilized rowdies, by Mr. Cooper, editor of the PREACHERS' ADVOCATE. The following is a copy of his speech, and also of the resolutions passed:

After loud and continued calls, Mr. Cooper rose and said:—He had not intended to take any part in this meeting, but after what he had heard, he could not stay. He could not have anticipated the form which it would assume, and hoped no unproper demonstrations of the keep feeling which generally prevailed would be made—that no efforts would be made to interdict the sentiments of those who have taken so much pains to express their sympathy with the rights of humanity, and who had called this meeting, and invited the citizens of Syracuse to attend it; large numbers of whom are here. He expressed a hope that the resolutions of opposition set forth in the call, but to save our village from the shame and infamy consequent upon the adoption of resolutions adverse to the rights of humanity, and to the defending our country and protecting the rights of her citizens at this crisis. The appeal has been responded to in a manner and less indicative of a deep and enduring spirit of patriotism, than of rebuke to those who deny the right of war under any circumstances. This demonstration of patriotism is honorable to Syracuse, and shows to the world that the good old spirit of "76" still exists—that it still animates the hearts of her citizens, and that they will be found to be as unyielding as it was in the days which tried mens' souls.

[Marked demonstrations of applause frequently interrupted the speaker.]

Men honestly differed as to the justness of the causes of the war; but that is not the question to be raised now, in this time of peril. The exigencies into which we are thrown forbid us by every principle of humanity, and every principle which binds us to the country, to entertain sentiments of this character. It should be enough for us to know—it is enough for us to know, that our nation, now at war with Mexico, and we her isolated individuals, but our *whole country* is involved in a war. The Ex-ecutive has called for the means of defence;—warm and patriotic responses upon the call; the strong arm of American citizens has shown,—it is ever ready to show, that we are equal to any crisis. We have the perfect love of his country, no grateful pensioner upon its privileges, in short, no man who appreciates the blessed boon of freedom, will raise his voice to oppose the call, but will rally to it and obey the call to arms whenever his county shall need his services—his efforts will be made to keep up

the period of time when our country is most in need of it.

Passed unanimously.

A vote of thanks, to Mr. Cooper, was unanimously passed, for his patriotic remarks.

THE MEETING AT THE CHURCH.

A very large and respectable audience soon assembled, of which H. Putnam was appointed Chairman. The meeting being organized, the Business Committee of five, consisting of S. J. May, J. H. Cobb, C. B. Sedgwick, G. S. Mayuard, and J. W. North, was appointed. Mr. May, as Chairman of that Committee, reported the following resolutions, which he then read, occasionally interrupted with bursts of hearty applause:

1. Resolved, That if, according to the declaration of "the Word of God," righteousness alone exalteth a nation, true patriotism requires that the wrong doing of Governments should be denounced as boldly, and opposed as strenuously, as the wrong doing of individuals; and that the treason most to be dreaded and abhorred is that which would urge on, or sustain, a Government in the horrid work of human butchery.

2. Resolved, That war, except, perhaps, in an extreme case of self-defence, is utterly repugnant to the distinctive principles of the Gospel; and, according to the statement of Mr. Calhoun, in August, 1844, when Secretary of State, the object of the present war is the extension and perpetuity of the accursed system of Slavery; it becomes the solemn duty of all the true friends of our country, and of human liberty, firmly to protest against it.

3. Resolved, That all forebearance with which we are wont to speak of a duel, ought to be bestowed upon a war with enhanced severity; inasmuch as war is but a duel between great nations, involving ten thousand fold more of the crimes and miseries incident to a deadly conflict between individuals.

4. Resolved, That we friendly remonstrate with friends of the true welfare of our country—friends of the future peace and prosperity of all the American nations, we deeply deplore the course of our Government in which we are plunged into a war with Mexico. Standing, as we do, pre-eminently above the other nations of this Western world in intelligence, and physical power, we have, by the cruel policy of our rulers, (on the supposition that Mexico was the aggressor,) lost a golden opportunity of saving the other nations of this continent an illustrious example of national forbearance and magnanimity—of showing how a nation may overcome evil with good.

5. Resolved, That if the peaceful adjustment of our controversy with the most powerful nation of Europe respecting the territory of Oregon, be, as it is called in the Star of the 15th instant, "a triumph of true patriotism over selfish and brutal passion, of which both Great Britain and the United States may well be proud," much more would such a settlement of our controversy with Mexico—a weak, half civilized, distracted Republic—have been commended to the honor and humanity of our Government.

6. Resolved, That the pretence now set up, that the present war has been forced upon our Government by the aggressions of Mexico, is too shallow, and the narrative which has been given to this community of the origin of the revolt of Texas, its annexation to this Republic, and the present war consequent thereon, is too fictitious to deserve a sober refutation. Every one as all acquainted with the history of the transactions by which these calamities have been brought upon our nation, must know that the pretence and the narrative referred to are sustained but by the slightest possible semblance of truth.

7. Resolved, That the policy of our Government towards England, compared with that pursued towards Mexico, either reveals the cowardice of our rulers in shrinking from an equal foe, and pouncing upon one whom it would be an honor, in any war, to overcome, in conquer—or it has had another stroke of that policy which has so long governed our Republic—a policy which would discourage the extension of our territory northward, and at the same time, enlarge the area of freedom; but promote the indefinite enlargement of our borders southward, because it would increase the number of those who, by degrading barbarity by which our ill-starred Union is virtually cursed.

8. Resolved, That as true friends of our country and her free institutions, we feel bound to err aloud against that spirit of contempt for the popular will which shows itself in the official orders and official organ of the Executive Government.

9. Resolved, That in our judgment, our success in this war, now preservative of the conquest of Mexico, would be a greater calamity to our country and the world than our defeat—inasmuch as it would weld on our Union by cowardice and fraud, multiplying its members and destroying its balance—inasmuch as it would foster among our people the love of conquest; enhance the influence of the military over the civil, as always been detrimental to the peace and prosperity of nations, especially those under Republican Governments; but more than all, inasmuch as our success would establish in our Government the ascendancy of slaveholders, and restore the accursed system of Slavery to regions from which it had been expelled by the noble consistency of the Mexican republicans.

10. Resolved, That as friends of suffering humanity—friends of the true welfare and glory of our country—friends of the future peace and prosperity of the American nations, we are solemnly bound to oppose the prosecution of the war by all *moral and peaceable means*; by enlightening our fellow-citizens as to the true causes and inevitable results of this conflict with Mexico; by endeavoring to inform them of the horrors, and trying to make them sensible of the terrible wicked-ness of war; that we may dissuade as many as possible from selling, for the paltry sum of a soldier's wages, to become either butchers of men themselves, or the victims of the devouring sword of the battle-field, or the wasting pestilences of the camp; or to encourage, rather, to be demoralized and brutified by the horrible influences which always have, and always must, beset a soldier's life.

11. Resolved, That the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees—those rulers of the Jews whom Jesus of Nazareth so bravely rebuked—was pure sincerity in comparison with the hypocrisy of these men of property and standing in our country who would now bind the heavy burdens of war, so grievous to be borne, and fasten them upon the shoulders of the poor, the unfortunate, the thoughtless, the young—burdens which they themselves would not touch with so much as one of their fingers.

12. Resolved, That if the laboring classes in this and every other country would deliver volunteering to fill the ranks of slaughter with their deadly gods and political demagogues would soon find their "vocation gone;" swords would be beaten into ploughshares, spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations would hear war no more.

13. Resolved, That Christianity, as taught by its only infallible teacher, is pre-eminently the religion *of Peace*—the title of its divine founder is the *Prince of Peace*—therefore the professors and teachers of that religion ought to be the open, steadfast *advocates of Peace* at all times, in all places.

Mr. May, after he had finished reading the resolutions enforced them in a speech of great earnestness and power. He said that for the sentiments contained in those resolutions he wished to be held responsible; that he would not be driven from his post by the cry of Tory and of Traitor; neither be a traitor to a Government, than to the best interests of the country. He spoke of the flimsy excuse set up for the necessity of this war, being such as would cause a blush on the cheek of a Pharisee. Words of unions were supported by Mr. Sedgwick, and Mr. North, by speeches of sober argument, which found a response in the common sense feeling of the meeting. But the war party, thinking that they had not done quite sufficient, yet, to show their patriotism, got a cannon, which they brought in the rear of the church, and just as the affirmative of the vote on the resolutions was taken, it peeled forth its thunder tones, (to drown, as Mr. Myers said, the voice of truth.) Happily no injury was done more than breaking some glass in the church windows. It was fired twice afterwards. A mob now appeared to be collecting outside the church, as groans and hisses were plainly heard, but the business being now well over, the meeting adjourned. And now, in conclusion, let me ask where is this to end. This spirit of mob-law which is so encouraged, is fraught with the greatest of evils. Free discussion is the only means by which a false and wicked public opinion can be corrected. Let that be stricken down, and all is lost; all is lost! I feel like saying much more, on this increasing prevalence of mobbism, but my sheet is full, and I must subscribe myself,

Yours, for humanity,
WILLIAM H. WILLICOTT.

The New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and Slavery.

MR. EDITOR:—Deeply interesting on the present position of the American Church, in reference to the subject of American Slavery. I have attended the convocation of the New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church with peculiar interest; the most perfect liberty being given to all the members to communicate their own views, and the views of their respective presbyteries on this important subject.

In the introductory sermon by Mr. Eddy, the manifest truth, that there can be no pure church in which the principles of morality are not practically maintained and established, was clearly stated. Many memorials were presented and read, condemning that vile system of oppression which is robbing millions of our fellow-men of their inalienable rights, and requesting decided action, on the part of the Assembly, in reference to the subject.

A few of the members did not hesitate to impeach God's own record of righteousness and love, by the futile attempt to find a vindication of the system of American Slavery in the holy volume. The servitude in the time of the patriarchs,—the buying of bondmen by the Israelites,—the case of Onesimus,—the apostolic directions to servants were appealed to for this purpose. To which it was justly replied, 1: That there is no proof that any of these cases of servitude were analogous to Slavery, as it exists in the United States. That the restrictions,—the provisions for emancipation by redemption, or in consequence of jobilee, or at the jubilee,—the positive prohibition against returning the fugitive,—the command that the man-stealer shall be put to death, and the apostolic directions to masters relative to the treatment of their servants, as well as the moral and righteous principles of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, clearly prove, that the American slaveholder can find no sanction for robbing his brother of the inalienable right of liberty from such a source.

2. That even if the cases referred to were analogous, it does not follow that we may imitate the examples without sin. The patriarchs, holy as they were, were imperfect. May we imitate, without criminality, their example of cohabitation with several women? We find no more direct rebuke of their conduct, in this respect, than of their conduct in buying servants. The Lord winked at this ignorance of God's will in the bondmen of the heathen, and also to slay the Canaanites without mercy. Are we to be justified in doing similar acts, who have no such command? Has the Almighty made us the instruments of his righteous retribution?

3. That the apostles did not directly assail every abomination which existed, and institution interwoven in the frame-work of society, but enforced principles and precepts, which, in their legitimate operation, would abolish all unrighteousness. From 1 Tim. iii. 2, it appears, that polygamy was tolerated for a time in the Church. The divine precept, however, "Let every man have his own wife," &c. soon purified the Church of this evil. So certainly would the divine precepts, "Masters render to your servants that which is *just* and *equal*."—&c. Whatever therefore ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them," &c. &c. purify the obedient Church of the evil of such Slavery as is now sanctioned by the American Church, and by the New School, that in the presbyteries I church it ever had an existence.

This is an imperfect sketch of the able and conclusive manner in which the Holy Book was described in the opposition of covering, with its sacred shield, a system of robbery and blood.

Happy would it be for the cause of humanity, and honorable to the holy religion they profess, if those members of the Assembly and their according brethren at home, would, with a single eye to holiness, carry out, into appropriate disciplinary action, the faithful testimony which their own Assembly, as was too manifest, since that this is not to be hoped for at present, except to a very limited extent. Objecting, as I do, to many of the harsh and indiscriminate censures which have been preferred, by some Abolitionists, against the Church, I am painfully impressed with the belief that the same unholy principle which is now sheltering its shield over an iniquitous war of usurpation, viz: *Our country, right or wrong*;" and inducing many to sustain the war, in spite of their own convictions of its unjust character, is the baneful leaven which is spreading its unhallowed influences through most all the great denominations of professed Christians in the land. "*Our Church, right or wrong*," really appears to be the fair exponent of modern pleas and practices which uphold oppression. One of the members of the Assembly declared that he had come there with one idea,—one object before his mind, and that was (what? Righteousness? Truth?) Union! Union! The great object was to preserve the Union! Nothing could be more desirable to the enemy of all righteousness, than to see the whole Assembly united to a man in opposing the exercise of that holy discipline, which, if faithfully administered by the American Church, would soon cause liberty to be proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof. Another member, who defended slaveholding to be sinful, subsequently, in the course of his remarks, affirmed, that he was too much of a *Constitutional Presbyterian* to refuse to admit a slaveholder into his pulpit. Another, who assured us that slaveholding is a violation of human rights and Christian principle, said, that he would open his pulpit to all slaveholders connected with the Assembly; but that he would not open it to many Abolitionists, because they could not preach the simple Gospel without preaching abolitionism; an affirmation which is true, in a more important sense, than that intended by the speaker. How the Gospel of that kingdom, which is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit," could be faithfully preached without opposing the *unrighteous* institutions of American Slavery, is a question not altogether unworthy of his serious consideration.

The general cry in the Assembly was, "*no divisive measures.*" I have no desire to advocate any division not required by the holy principles of the kingdom of God. It would be well, however, for us all to understand the testimony of "the faithful witness" of the truth. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother," &c. "He that loveth father or mother, God we may add the Presbyterian, or Baptist, or Methodist Church,) more than me, is not worthy of me." Matt. x. 34—37. If the holy sword of faithful discipline was unsheathed against an institution, which is acknowledged by the Church to be a gross violation of God's laws and man's rights, the Saviour's words would soon be understood; "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." "The wisdom which cometh from above, *is first* PURE." The wisdom which cries out first "*Unity*," must, consequently, come from another source. The first item on the divine catalogue is, "Whatsoever things are PURE." The first characteristic of "the kingdom of God, is *righteousness*." Charity "*rejoiceth not in iniquity, but in the truth*."

The report of Mr. Duffield was adopted by a majority of the Assembly, as its public testimony and action on this important subject. This report declares,

That "the system of Slavery, as it exists in the United States, is intrinsically an unrighteous and oppressive system, and opposed to the perceptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity."

That "after all the light and discussions which the providence of God has afforded on this subject, no one can voluntarily continue to retain his fellow-men in slavery without sin."

That "its (Slavery) existence among them cannot fail to be regarded, by multitudes influenced by their example, as sanctioning the system," &c.

It exhorts their members, "and the churches among whom it exists, to use all means in their power to put it away from them."

Let us now seriously inquire, what action on the part of Presbyterian churches, Presbyteries, and Synods, must inevitably result from the practical adoption of the principles above considered? If, after forbearing mercy has been exercised, for the purpose of full and free discussion, and kind and affectionate entreaty, the slaveholder is determined to continue a practice "*opposed to the prescriptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity*,"—if, after all reasonable time is given for repentance, he is determined to sustain a relation to his fellow-man, which "*no one can voluntarily continue to retain—without sin*;" must he not, for the honor of the holy Head of the Church, and for his own welfare, be put away from the Church? Is not such separation one of the "*means*," though the last and most severe to be required, which Jesus Christ has placed "in their power to put it (the sin of Slavery) away from them?" Is not the use of such a mean, however painful, *exercised* to the purity of that Church which is "the salt of the earth," "the light of the world," and "the ground and pillar of the truth?" Must not the neglect of such a mean, in such a case, by any Church, be totally incompatible with these holy characteristics of the true Church of God? It is difficult to conceive, how the mind of any intelligent and unbiased Christian can possibly avoid coming to these conclusions. And yet, after all, the Report just adopted by the Assembly, briefly, but clear expression are not the method God approves for the reformation of His Church." Indeed! What, then, meneth these Scriptures? "If he neglect to hear the Church let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." Matt. xviii. 17. "Do ye not judge them that are within?—Therefore put away from among yourselves that wicked person." 1 Cor. v. 12, 13. "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ; To deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." 1 Cor. v. 4, 5. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God?" 1 Cor. vi 9. Is not the sin of Slavery, referred to in the Report, the sin of *unrighteousness?* "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean; and I will receive you," &c. 2 Cor. vi. 14—18.

Will the Presbyterian Church practically adopt, as a general rule, the principle they have sanctioned in this Report, viz: that "Separation and secession are not the method God approves for the reformation of His Church?" If so, the Northern Church will retain, as her members, holders with the assurance that he had "hitched the guillotine of excommunication to one of the moons of Jupiter;" for certainly the Church can have no more use for it. The sheep-stealer, no more than the man-stealer, may be extolled. Even the *dancer* must be retained! Whatever it may be, in the judgment of God, in *Presbyterian* Church, neither the unrighteous, nor fornicators, nor idolaters, nor drunkards, may be deprived of an inheritance. If the inhabitants of the far-distant planet (if there are any) could have heard the testimony given by credible witnesses, on the floor of the Assembly, to the facts, that members of Presbyterian churches are not only permitted to hold their fellow-men in Slavery, but actually separating, for sordid gain, those endearing relationships which constitute so large a portion of human happiness. Could they have heard the members declare that they knew, from their own observation, that these direful deeds were practices in the Presbyterian Church which the Assembly would never condemn, nor even appropriate location than one of their regions for his accursed deeds and unutterable crimes.

The Report, while it very properly deprecates "the spirit of denunciation" and "unfeeling severity," denounces the only effective means of divine appointment for the fulfilment of its own exhortation to the brethren, "to withdraw from them as speedily as possible." Its direction to "publications, to whom pertains the right of private judgment," is mockery to the (fee-holders) from the table of the Lord. It contemplates no such act of righteous discipline, although men who rob their brethren of their right of liberty, who separate husband and wife, parents and children, and sell babes by the pound, should continue in the Presbyterian Church and Christian fellowship, until all those other sanctified consuses and blood.

What, then, is the character of the Presbyterian Church, according to its own verdict?

It admits and declares, that "no Church can be pure in which the principles of morality are not maintained and established."

It admits that all voluntary slaveholding is a violation of those principles; that it is sinful.

It admits that, in fact, there are, in the Presbyterian Church, not only some isolated cases of involuntary slaveholding, entirely independent of the moral action of the Church, which may be excused, under the cloak of "organic sin," but numerous cases, not only of voluntary slaveholding, (which is a continual robbery of inalienable right,) but constant cases of sundering, for gain the most endearing human relations.

It protests against the exclusion of such persons from the Church, "as profess to be slaveholders." It is a corrupt Church. It is (itself being judge) "sanctioning the system" which stands forth, a spectacle to the world, "in its own unrivalled pre-eminence" of combined universal iniquity.

And now, in the name of outraged, bleeding, and dying humanity,—in the name of universal man, whose eternal interests are connected with a just exhibition of the blessed religion of righteousness and love,—in the name of our country, on whose vitals the death-serpent of Slavery is feeding,—and in the name of the holy Son of God, must we not solemnly and earnestly call on the American Church to consider its position in relation to God and to the responsibility! Had this Church been true to its profession, Slavery had long since been banished from the land. What an amount of human crime and guilt, what an amount of suffering and misery would have been avoided! All the agonies and deaths, all the bereavements and evils of the present unjust war, would not have been committed! Even the guilt of the present war, which is now sheltering its shield over an iniquitous war of usurpation, viz: "*Our country, right or wrong*," and inducing many to sustain the war, in spite of their own convictions of its unjust character, is the baneful leaven which is spreading its unhallowed influences through most all the great denominations of professed Christians in the land. "*Our Church, right or wrong*," really appears to be the fair exponent of modern pleas and practices which uphold oppression. One of the members of the Assembly declared that he had come there with one idea,—one object before his mind, and that was (what? Righteousness? Truth?) Union! Union! The great object was to preserve the Union! Nothing could be more desirable to the enemy of all righteousness, than to see the whole Assembly united to a man in opposing the exercise of that holy discipline, which, if faithfully administered by the American Church, would soon cause liberty to be proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof. Another member, who defended slaveholding to be sinful, subsequently, in the course of his remarks, affirmed, that he was too much of a *Constitutional Presbyterian* to refuse to admit a slaveholder into his pulpit. Another, who assured us that slaveholding is a violation of human rights and Christian principle, said, that he would open his pulpit to all slaveholders connected with the Assembly; but that he would not open it to many Abolitionists, because they could not preach the simple Gospel without preaching abolitionism; an affirmation which is true, in a more important sense, than that intended by the speaker. How the Gospel of that kingdom, which is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit," could be faithfully preached without opposing the *unrighteous* institutions of American Slavery, is a question not altogether unworthy of his serious consideration.

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Respectfully, yours, &c.
SILAS W. HOLMES."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1846.

Daniel Webster.

"Mr. Edward Webster has arrived in town for the purpose of recruiting a company of volunteers for the Mexican War. He has taken this step, we understand, with the full approval of his distinguished father."—[*Boston Papers.*

In a world like ours, where no man can afford to throw his sympathy away, we have always lamented as wasted that which Gray lavished on the "mute, inglorious Miltons" and those other purely imaginary gentlemen, whose genius was smothered by circumstances, and whom he has occasionally embalmed and buried in his country church-yard: No man ever yet had a genius for anything which he did not in one way or other contrive to show. Has not the development of genius, in spite of all the incumbrances of fortune and station, become proverbial? Surely, if ever any quality of mind might have had been allowed to run riot, the faculty of Governor Briggs for inconsistency, (not that glorious inconsistency which turns from wrong to right, but that singular kind which is uneasy till it escapes from right to wrong) and for bringing himself into disgrace with all honest men, might have done so. Yet we have seen this genius bowed by the most unpromising circumstances in the world as if they had been subjects for its display. We are well persuaded that these melancholic men and maids, who wander disconsolate through this great vineyard of God, the earth, fearing that they shall not "fulfil their destiny," as they call it, unable to find any tool to work with, at which shall not burden their delicate minds, and dress him in such a God's sunlight test they should behold expression are not the method God approves for the re- unspeakable beat, and Webster, governed by his friends, formation of His Church." Indeed! What, then, meneth and persuaded that his *diagnosis* from the pulse of the these Scriptures? "If he neglect to hear the Church let Commonwealth was incorrect, stayed away and held his him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." peace.

Had he gone, that one act might have saved him. The fervor, the inspiration, the glorious delirium of standing for the first time face to face with a great principle, might have snatched him away as in a fiery chariot from the narrow, conventional sphere which had enthralled him. Once more God said, Behold the occasion! and the man slunk away to be for life the defender of the "Constitution," when he might have been the champion of Freedom and of Man! Once more in the heart of the desolated chair hung like a cloud before his eyes, and blotted out that golden throne among the immortals which stood empty for him!

Verily, we say again, there is no sadder sentence than "*might have been.*"

Cassius M. Clay.

In the True American of the 27th of May, Cassius M. Clay declared his "willingness, if called upon by Governor Owsley, to take his old command, or any other post." And in the same paper he expressed his conviction that the Mexican war was for plunder, that "we have not the least shadow of title to the land west of the Sabine," and "protest solemnly against the dooming ourselves to a life of fruitless schemes of robbery and oppression, that he would shrink from the shame that rests upon every one who takes part in its infamous deeds.

We said, when we heard that he had gone to the Mexican war, "No! Cassius Clay will not go. He is too noble, he will not so degrade himself." We grieve to find our mistake. It was with the deepest sorrow that we received a letter from a friend in Lexington, dated June 26th, saying, "Mr. Clay is now on his march to Louisville, in the place of rendezvous appointed by the Governor for the volunteers of Kentucky, and he is one of them."

A few days after came the True American, from which you see it is evident that Mr. Clay thinks that this work he has entered upon is that of a "wholesale butchery," and he accuses himself of meanness and hypocrisy in not at least having the courage to avow its purpose. He thinks it sin, but is not brave enough to refuse when called upon to take part in it. How can he ever again condemn the Government?

And this is Cassius M. Clay, whose name we could not utter without a thrill of joyful pride, who was to us as a star of hope, rising upon our guilty, unhappy land, upon whom, millions of watching, tearful eyes waited, whom our hearts delighted to honor. The slave can now no longer claim him as his true friend and hoped-for liberator, for he has joined those who are riveting his chains; he cannot claim the friend of justice and humanity, for he is aiding the perpetrators of robbery and murder; we are fellow-workers no longer. His teachings are dead to us, for his acts give them the lie. Freedom and honor in words, Slavery and shame in deeds, is his story.

Farewell to Cassius M. Clay and his True American. As faithful Abolitionists we can no longer honor the one, or help to support the other. God give him the grace to repent, and come back to the holy cause he has deserted.

Giddings's District.

We give below an extract from a letter just received from Ohio, which shows the spirit of the people in Ashtabula county—the district represented by Mr. Giddings in Congress:

"One word as to the war spirit in this region. In compliance with the demands of the Governor, the military companies in Ashtabula county met for the purpose of ascertaining the number who were ready to volunteer for the war. I went to witness the glory and honor of extending *American republican Slavery*—and to gain that unanimity which may be rationally expected from a tropical sun during the summer season.

"But poor benighted souls—their eyes seemed closed to the dazzling glories offered them. Only five, out of three thousand, could discern the good; and they were in the midst of the influence of the sparkling spirit which dwelleth in deceivers. Of those five not one was found. Will not the great Father of this *free, enlightened* nation, pity the spiritual darkness of these poor subjects; and send them light that they may see the path which leads to Texan glory—and, Mexican immortality? What a field for 'patriarchal' labor."

☞ The Emancipator cannot see why the Tribune should be surprised that C. M. Clay has gone to the war, inasmuch as he is "of no religious profession;" and especially when Gov. Briggs, "a man of high religious standing"—or "a good brother in our church," a third-party Calvet said, when he gave his vote for the Whig Governor Briggs—calls for volunteers in Massachusetts. We confess to being ourselves a little surprised at our neighbor Tribune's surprise. The high character of "religious professors" generally in this country, and especially in the Church South, should have taught him that all others are utterly given over to the devil, and that we are not to be surprised at any depth of depravity to which their reprobate minds should lead them. The only wonder is that Clay, not being a "professor," should have even the sign of a regenerated spirit, and not that he should so speedily have fallen beyond the hope of a saving grace; and that Briggs should have shown himself so remarkable an exception to the general rule relative to the brethren. If there is any one thing for which the people of the United States are remarkable, it is for their self-denying virtue, their private and national morality, and their universally humble piety. "Hush, you bitch! will you break the Lord's day?" was the exclamation of an excellent Southern clergyman, when, during intermission on a certain Sunday, he was, for some misdemeanor, "beating his servant with many stripes," according to the Word of God. The act and the exclamation were singularly characteristic of the merciful and conscientious spirit of the religion of our people. Are not all our great men distinguished for it? Was it not proved to the satisfaction of everybody, during the last Presidential campaign, that Henry Clay is a very pious man? Does not Mr. Polk walk after the strictest rule of life, laid down for what are called "consistent Christians?" Has not General Houston, within the week, lectured before the Home Missionary Society of Philadelphia? To comedown to the press. Is not David Hale a pillar of the Church, and has ever excelled his piety so far into the common concerns of life as to have kept for years an evangelical boarding-house? To say Col. Webb a well-known "professor?" In short, is not the popular press almost universally *professing* also? We wonder at the Tribune. Had Capt. Cassius M. Clay belonged to the Church he would never have "gone and done it."

To Contributors.

We must beg our contributors, in sending us articles for any given paper, that they be careful to mail them in season to reach us on the previous Saturday. It is necessary that we should have them that early that we may make our calculations understandingly as to room. Two of them will observe that articles which should have been in last week's paper, do not appear this; and another which was meant for this must be postponed till next week. We have moreover several articles on hand, about which there is no immediate haste, but which we want to get out of the way, and which have been crowded out for several weeks because others, to which from their character we give the preference, have not reached us till too late to give an insertion to all. A little care in this particular on the part of our friends will save us much perplexity, and enable as always to publish their articles before they have lost the gloss of newness.

The Standard.

We announce another valuable addition to our corps of contributors—that of the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y. If there is any one thing we tendency in our South severity—a chance to which, at least the present editor does not plead guilty—it will be neutralized by the mild and loving spirit of Mr. May. His name in the cause is as old as the cause itself, and anything from his pen, we are sure, will be welcomed by entire and later Abolitionists.

We announce, too, with great pleasure, to our readers that we shall commence upon the 4th page of our next paper the publication of a translation of a German Historical Romance, entitled, "Toussaint." It is a story of the insurrection of St. Domingo, and we have the highest authority for saying, that it is of the most dramatic and thrilling character. We should state in footnote that its first appearance in the English language, is through the columns of the Standard. The translator is a gentleman, well known in the world of literature, and an eloquent scholar. We are not at liberty, at present, to give his name, but our readers may be assured, that it would be a sufficient guaranty for the excellence of any work to which it might be attached.

☞ James Watson Webb, the editor of the *New-York Courier & Enquirer*, is a republican of the first water. He is a Democrat of the most immaculate sort, and has no intention of being left behind by the progress of the age. The progress of the age in the United States, however, as we have had occasion to observe, is, as to there isn't any other part of the world now worth speaking of, no other race fit to live except the Anglo-Saxon, and none of that of the true breed except in the United States; nor, indeed, there, except South of the line,—all North of it being Yankees and bastards. This Colonel Webb sees very clearly—but only sees it—that we are going onward progress, and then he progresses backward from the Democratic to the Whig party. Something, however, must be allowed to the necessity of the moment, and to the tempting bait of a handsome bird in hand, for the one in the bush, which Mr. Webb has been so nearly caught. In his support of the Annexation of Texas, his disinterested love of the "peculiar institution," and his patriotic zeal in favor of the Mexican war, he gives evidence that he has got to the last feathers of the bird in hand, and that he hopes to get the salt upon the tail of the other.

He always is a leader of public opinion. He was one of the earliest to observe the infidel tendencies of the Abolitionists, and to warn the people that all manner of bloody and indecent notions had taken possession of these inanities. It ought not to be forgotten, that it was owing to the influence of his paper, that in 1834 these people were not tarred and feathered, "their treasonable and beastly plans" would not be tolerated in a city so eminently pious and moral as this. To enforce this important truth, a church was sacked, and the contents of a house or two burned in the streets, and the lives of their inmates put in jeopardy. It was a praiseworthy and a brave act, which should be occasionally mentioned to his honor.

The present aspect of public affairs calls for a similar demonstration of public opinion. The *Courier & Enquirer* is not wanting to the exigency. The *Tribune*, a few days since, had the audacity to say, that the common soldiers, who are doing the fighting in Mexico, to spread the blessings of Democratic Annexation and the Protestant religion among the benighted Catholics of those parts, ought, in common fairness, to receive something more than eight dollars a month in reward for their zeal in behalf of our glorious institutions. A proposition so monstrous has received the condemnation of the guardian of the public morals, and the cause of progress. He taunts the lagging people with the willing fewness, that should such audacity find utterance even in one of the cities of oppressed, and monarchical, and aristocratic Europe, "*the building whence it issued would be razed to the ground, its types destroyed, and its Editor made to flee for his life from the indignation of an outraged and insulted people.*" Should the people not have very much degenerated since '34, we should hope to hear, in the course of a few days, that the outraged public, roused by the same means, have rallied and served the Tribune buildings as they did the churches and dwelling-houses of the misguided and unheady Abolitionists.

We must not forget to mention, in still further confirmation of the high religious and moral character of Colonel Webb, that he is a distinguished member of Trinity Church.

Mexico.—The news from Mexico is of some importance. The province of Yucatan is reported to have declared her independence, and there are rumors that some of the citizens of Tamaulipas, Chihuahua, and one or two other provinces, have asked for a cession of the war, and the protection of the United States, while they form themselves into Republic, loo' ing ultimately to Annexation." The town of Camargo capitulated on the advance of Gen. Taylor's forces.

Wanted.—No. 12 of Vol. 5 of the Standard. Any friend who has this number, and will send it to us, will oblige us exceedingly, as we wish it to complete a volume for binding.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry*:—The Mariner's Confession. *Miscellany*:—Terrestrial Pleasures; "The Halls of the Montezumas;" A Fable not to be found in any edition of Æsop; Fourth Rut; Picture of War.

First Page.—*Selections*:—American Slavery; New Hampshire; Fighting for Slavery; Cruelties of Slavery; Christianity and Slavery; Anti-Slavery in the United States—No. 3, &c. *Communications*:—Anti-War Meeting at Syracuse; General Assembly (New School) of the Presbyterian Church, and Slavery.

From our Boston Correspondent.

Growth of Boston—"Nobody in Town"—Crowds and business—Railways—Increase of the East as well as of the West—Boston and Charleston, (S. C.)—Croakers disappointed—Real danger from the excess, and not from the decay, of material prosperity—Suit's Anti-Slavery meeting at Andover—Foul weather but stout hearts—"The Hub" and its crowning Seminary, or "Mill for making Ministers"—Phillips's Academy—School boy days not the happiest of life—Six scriptious obtained for the Standard—Cheering results—Encouraging prospects of the Standard—Efforts making for its circulation—A start way to get ten thousand subscribers, and a cheap—What was done at Milford—What may be done everywhere.

BOSTON, June 29, 1846.

One would never suspect, from the looks of the streets of this city, that there was anything out of joint in the times in which we live. Every street is full of the signs of a growing material prosperity. The work of destruction and of renovation is going on everywhere. Whole streets of substantial habitations for men, are transformed in a twinkling by the magic of mechanical skill into grand temples of trade. The old things are fast becoming new, and it will not be long, at the present rate of change, before scarcely a relic of the old town of Boston will remain to tell us of the days before the Revolution. Business is dull in the country, and therefore, before the end of June, many citizens are compelled to seek a shelter in the villages for ten miles round. The Peninsula bids fair to become, to Boston, what "the city" proper, is to London, but the nucleus of a closing aggregation of cities.

One of the "upper ten,"—now scattered abroad at their country retreats, at watering places, or on a pleasure-excursion,—would perhaps tell you that "there is nobody in town." But it would surprise you to see what a varying crowd it takes to make up nobody. *Nearly* twenty of cars disgorge their thousands daily upon the streets; in addition to the multitudes that crowd to the city, by every other avenue, by water and by land or sea. Owing to greater compactness of the city, and the narrowness of the streets, it is more difficult to make one's way about the streets of Boston than those of New-York, though as population is not half as large. A great part of the business of the country towns, for fifty miles round, is now done in Boston. It always has been a great place for pinning the race on country lawyers. Almost the whole law business of the State is now done in Court Street, by gentlemen of the Suffolk bar. So with trading business, and all other kinds. The iron road has worked a mighty change in the destinies of Boston, whether for the better or the worse, remains to be seen in her future history.

We hear much of the marvellous changes which a few years have wrought in the *West*. Of the cities which have risen like exhalations in a night, and of the States which have grown up in a day. But I think this trait in the character of a young and prosperous country is as much to be marked in the *East*. I am not very old, and yet I can remember the time, when the streets of Boston were not more thronged than those of our shire-towns now, and when I knew he slight almost every person I met. Twenty years ago families dwelt in peace on more than half the ground-floor which is now occupied by 50 or 100 tenants of the room-changer that was to put their household gods to flight. Within that time the population of the city has trebled, and its wealth increased in a much greater proportion. Such is the economical result of intelligent, required labor. At the beginning of the Revolution, Boston, with its wharves, was confined almost to the same number of inhabitants, and the latter city, probably much the greater amount of wealth. In seventy years, with every advantage of climate and soil, Charleston has scarcely doubled her population, while Boston has increased here more than seven fold, and her wealth in a much greater proportion. *What is the reason of the difference?*

I am not very old, as I have just said, but I am old enough to have on my native city at several points in her history, when her sun was cloudily persisted—Times of great commercial adversity, and consequent woe, when it seemed as if the energies of the people must be paralyzed, and the prosperities of our Canaanites come true, that grass would grow in the streets, and desolation lay waste our borders. Every one of these times of gloom and suffering was occasioned, directly or indirectly, by the tyranny, usurpation, and crimes of the hirelings. People seem now to think that the prosperity of the city is placed on a substantial foundation, which nothing short of national ruin can sunke. So they always thought in the intervals of the earthquakes that have shattered their property at times past. But there was no doubt a shred of national ruin can sunke. So they always thought in the intervals of the earthquakes that have shattered their property at times past. But there was no doubt that the *cooperative* energies of free labor, even when cramped and impelled by the paramount dominion of slave-labor, are sufficient to carry Boston through any future crisis, which our voluntary submission to the smallest and meanest oligarchy that ever existed, may bring upon us. Our greatest danger is from the effects of our own prosperity. That we may consent in spirit our true life for the multiplication of our means of living. Of this danger we see but too prevalent signs. In the good old times, when boys played at ball in State street, when a few scattering wharves sufficed for our scanty shipping, and when there were no railroads to print for our people seem now to think that the prosperity of the city is placed on a substantial foundation, which nothing short

Poetry.

THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

I paused not to question the devil's suggestion,
But o'er the cliff, headlong, the living was thrown,
A scream and a plashing, a foam and a flashing,
And the smothering water accomplished his slaughter,
All was silent, and I was alone.

With heart-thrilling spasm, I glanced down the chasm;
There was blood on the wave that closed over his head,
And in bubbles his breath, as he struggled with death,
Rose up to the surface. I shuddered and fled.

With footsteps that stagger'd, and countenance haggard,
I stole to my dwelling, bewildered, dismazed,
Till whisperings stealthy said—"Pshaw! he was wealthy—
Thou'rt his heir—no one saw thee—then be not afraid."

I summoned the neighbors, I joined in their labors,
We sought for the missing by day and by night;
We ransacked each single height, hollow, and dingle,
Till shoreward we wended, when starkly extended,
His corpse lay before us—O, God! what a sight!

And yet there was nothing for terror or loathing;
The blood had been washed from his face and his clothing,
But by no language, no life like wide open
Eyes can be painted—
They stared at me, flared at me, angrily glared at me,
I felt murder-attained;
Yet my guilty commotion seemed ruth and devotion,
When I shuddered and fainted.

No hint finds emission that breathes of suspicion,
None dare utter a sound when an inquest has found
His death accidental;
Whence then and wherefore, having nothing to care for,
These agonies mental?
Why grieve, and why sicken, frame-withered, soul-stricken?

Age-paralyzed, sickly, he must have died quickly,
Each day brought some new ill;
Why leave him in anguish and struggle with anguish?
The deed that relieved him from all that aggrieved him,
Was kindly, not cruel.

In procession extended, a funeral splendid,
With banneled displays and escutcheons emblazoned,
To church slowly passed,
When a dread apparition astounded my vision:
Like an aspen leaf shaking, dumb-founded and quaking,
I stood all aghast!

From its nailed coffin prison, the corpse had arisen,
And in all its shrond vesture, with menacing gesture,
And eye-balls that stared at me, flared at me, glared at me,
It pointed—it floated its slayer, and shouted
In accents that thrilled me,
"That ruthless dissembler, that guilt-stricken trembler
Is the villain who killed me!"

'Twas fancy's creation—mere hallucination—
A lucky delusion, for ogre my confession,
Guilt's evidence sinister, seemed to people and minister
The painful achievement of grief and bereavement.

Then why these prohations, these self-condemnations,
Incessant and fearful?
Some with impunity snatch opportunity,
Slay—and exult in concealment's immunity,
Free from forebodings and heartfelt corrodings,
They fear no disclosure, no public exposure,
And sleeping unhaunted, and waking undaunted
Live happy and mercilful.

To 'scape the ideal let me dwell on the real.
I, a pauper so lately, living richly and greatly,
In a mansion house stately.

Life's blessings?—Oh, list! all our errors must dire—
In the midst of my revels,
His eyes ever stare at me, flare at me, glare at me.
Before me, when treading my manors unspreading,
There yawns an abysmal cliff precipice dismal;
Isolation has vanished, all silence is banished,
Where'er I immerse me, his death-shrieks pursue me,
I am haunted by devils.

My wine, clear and ruddy, seems turbid and bloody:
I cannot quaff water—recalling his slaughter,
My terror it doubles, 'tis headed with bubbles,
Each filled with his breath,
And every face in each bisses—"Assassin!
My curse shall affright thee, haunt, harrow, and blight thee,
In blight and in death!"

My daughters, their mother, contend with each other
Who will show most affection, best soothe my dejection.
Revolting endearments! their garments seem cerements,
And I shudder with loathing at their grave-tainted clothing.

Home and the mercies,
That to others are dearest, to me are the dreadest
And deadliest curses.

When free from this error, I thrill with the terror,
(Thought horrid to dwell on!)
That the wretch whom they cherish may shamefully perish;
Be publicly cibbeted, branded, exhibited,
As a murderous felon!

O punishment hellish! the house I embellish,
From centre to corner upraids its adorner,
A down'y breast creaking swells into a shrieking;
Against me each column bears evidence solemn,
Each statue 's a Nemesis;
They follow me, infest me, they strive to arrest me,
Till, in terrified sadness that verges on madness,
I rush from the premises.

The country's amenity brings no serenity,
Each rural sound seeming a menace or screaming;
There 's not a bird or beast but cries, "Murder!
There goes the offender!
Dog him, waylay him, encompass him, slay him,
And make him surrender!"

My flower-beds splendid seem eyes blood-distended—
His eyes, ever staring, and flaring, and glaring!
I turn from them quickly, but phantoms more sickly
Drive me hither and thither;
I would fain'st most gladly wealth stolen so madly,
Gotten gain I and revelry to it from this dwelling!
But whither—oh! whither?

Hence, idle delusions! hence, fears and confusions!
Not a single friend's severance lessens men's reverence,
No neighbor of rank quits my sumptuous banquets
Without lauding their donor.
Throughout the wide country I'm famed for my bounty,
All hold me in honor.

Let the dotard and craven by fear be enslaven.
They have vanished! How fast fly these images ghastly,
When in firm self-reliance,
You determine on treating the brain's sickly cheating
With scorn and defiance!

Ha! ha! I am fearless henceforward, and tearless,
No coinage of fancy, no dream's necromancy,
Shall sadden and darken—God help me!—hi-i-i—hearken!

'Tis the shriek, soul-appalling, be uttered when falling!

By day thus affrighted, 'tis worse when benighted;
With the cloak's midnight broom from the church o'er his tomb

There comes a shiny screaming, too fearful for dreaming!
Bone-fingers, bony, drew the fearsome-ness slowly—
O, God! how they stare at me, flare at me, glare at me,

Those eyes of a Gorgon!
Beneath the clothes sinking, with shuddering shrinking,
A mental orgasm and bodily spasm
Convulse every organ.

Nerves a thousand times stronger could hear it no longer.
Grief, sickness, compunction, drown in oppression,
Drinks and dags, cheerfulness, oaths, genre grim and terrific
Than judges and juries,
Make the heart writhe and falter more than gibbet and halter.

Arrest me, secure me, seize, handcuff, immure me!
I own my transgression—it is indefinite. Indefinite—
Quick! quick! let me plunge in some dark vaulted dungeon,
Where, though tried and death-doted, I may not be buried
B. devils and furies!

Miscellany

From the Wkly Review.

TERRESTRIAL PLEASURES.

Swedenborg relates in one of his books that an angel told him there were in one of the lower heavens about four hundred and seventy-eight pleasures, or varieties of pleasure. The angel did not speak with that degree of exactness which should distinguish the conversation of a celestial being. There may be more, or there may be less. About four hundred and seventy-eight is indefinite. But when an angel ought not to exaggerate the joys of heaven, and we may well believe that one of the blessed could not make a mistake in numbers. It will be safe to believe, therefore, that the pleasures of heaven are at least four hundred and seventy-eight in number; and who have seen the rough side of the world, may think the estimate too large by half, and be unable to believe that even in heaven they could enjoy so great an assortment of pleasures as others, who have seen all the delights of this earth, will think the number quite small, and that the difference between this world and the next, is nothing to speak of after all. For my own part, I will not dispute that number of heavenly delights, appear to me excessively large, and I have been trying to enumerate all the terrestrial pleasures, that I may ascertain the exact arithmetical difference between heaven and earth. There are some pleasures which must be common to both worlds, as for instance, in the pleasures of devotion, of doing good, of the higher order of music, of contemplating the glory of the Most High, &c. &c. But I mean by terrestrial pleasures, are such as can only be experienced in our bodily existence, which are of the earth, earthy. There is a possibility of realizing a heaven as well as a hell upon earth. There are some people, the majority of people, indeed, and strangest of all, a majority of religious people, who are forever decrying the earth and everything connected with it, forgetful that God made it, and pronounced it good. We cannot but think that those who are dissatisfied with this world, will be equally dissatisfied with the next.

Wishing to get the views of my friends on this subject, I asked a gentleman of the city, who had recently lost five thousand dollars by a decline in the price of stock's, how many different pleasures he had a knowledge of in this world. He replied not one next all twelve, and after they had feasted, servants and all—for the servants were probably cousins—dancing commenced. The tables were nicely dished up and sent to the sick and the poor, and the guests retired. A feast like this might be kept in Lent, without endangering one's chance of reaching heaven; at least, I should think so; but I am not sure. Here, then, was a pleasure in entertaining company, and the pleasure was mutual; but the pleasure of receiving company, necessarily, means the misery of giving misery to others.

Some people talk of the pleasure of doing good, as though there were no pleasure in doing evil to others. Why not do good always, and so keep up a round of pleasure, if they like it? There are pious people who give one hundred dollars to a poor man, and feel for a breast-pin; which affords them the greatest pleasure? They give a thousand dollars for a conspicuous pew in church, and appear at a church meeting! It is a pleasure to be thus publicly pious! The world has any admiration for goodness. They may admire it for its rarity, as they do a green monkey, or a bird with three legs; but they are much more wish to resemble it themselves than they have to resemble a lizard or an Albinoes. It is a common observation among moralists, that the world loves vice too good a man to be popular; and yet these people are as proud as peacocks when their political friends compliment them with the title of philanthropist for office, although it is a tacit acknowledgment that they are considered wicked, or weak enough to be popular. Vice and virtue both please the multitude alike, and it is easier to look down than up. A man would attract more notice in a gutter than on the road of a house. If you would be seen by the crowd, you must be willing to condemn to the lowest depths of misery. It virtue is to be a test of merit, they say, what will become of the fallen? Is virtue to be its own test, and self-to take pleasure in its own condemnation. Was not Christ crucified, and Barabbas liberated?

I know a young author who amuses himself with poets, to write long poems with a single pleasure for a theme; as the Pleasures of Hope, Memory, and so forth. Mr. Gay, the author of the Beggar's Opera, has a dialogue with the Pleasures of Friendship. Swedenborg has written a very long book on the Pleasures of Conjugal Love, a theme which no poet has yet sung worthy of it. Love is the greatest pleasure in both worlds. Many pleasures have not the least smack of a celestial aure. Such are the pleasures of getting rich, the pleasure of being the first in a field, the greatest of all terrestrial delights, because it ridicule of the whole human race. The pleasures of the street pleasure, which rests depend for its intensity, very much, on the kind of security taken. The pleasure of stealing a pocket-book is greatly heightened by the pleasure of reading and hearing oneself in print for the first time, are purely terrestrial; so is the pleasure of being criticised and nisquoted. A young author of poetry has the pleasure in the next world, where one pair of purple wings must last them forever. The pleasure of getting money is purely of this world; for the pleasure of getting rid of it is half paradisaical—particularly if it be given away; for to give, is to imitate the Giver of all good. The pleasure of being in a fine rage is also celestial. No pleasure is more earthly than that of being cheated, which we have good authority for the pleasure of being cheated, which we have good authority for believing, will be open to the moderate circumstances, though she had a circle of rich acquaintances who had once been poor, and were now, as a matter of course, fond of displaying their wealth. Her house was small, and when all the rooms were emptied of their furniture, they were capable of containing fifty persons comfortably, provided they all stood up, and stood still. One of the rooms was to be appropriated for dancing, another for the supper, and the third—which was one of those low closets called a tea-room—for cards and backgammon. The guests invited numbered one hundred and fifty, and they all came to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the discomfiture of each other, and laughing at their entertainers. They began to assemble at nine, and by ten the rooms were so full that those who came later had to wait a long time before being able to get their feet into the little passage which was good-humoredly called the hall. When the fiddlers attempted to play for the dancers, they could not make room for their elbows. But a couple of Mons. Chinaud's pupils, who had got into the middle of the floor for a waltz, succeeded in whirling round like the spinning of a chimney, and though they turned on a pivot, it was impossible to talk, because the breath was squeezed out of every body's lungs. Several of the gentlemen fainted. The ladies being accustomed to tight-lacing, stood the squeeze better. A good many coins were ground beneath heavy heels, and no bill taken. After much suffering, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open about midnight. A rush was made for the tables so sudden and impetuous, that a pair of decanters and a trencher of oyster soups were swept off, and trampled under foot. Those who had succeeded in grasping something, found themselves so closely pinioned by the crowd, that they could not carry their hands to their mouths. One gentleman, who had secured the leg of a boiled turkey on his fork, had his hand suddenly forced above his head, and being unable to retain his hold, the fork fell upon the head of somebody behind him, and a third, making a desperate grasp for the choice morsel, pulled off the gentleman's entire head of whipped cream. This misfortune was confidently heightened by the gentleman who had displaced the head of hair, attempting, in the confusion, to fasten it upon the wrong head. In a very short time the supper-table was cleared of its viands, but nobody succeeded in getting anything to eat. In addition to the decanters and the trencher, a solar lamp and a cut glass epergne were dashed to pieces. Finding that supper was out of the question, the guests began to leave as fast as they could disentangle themselves, and about daylight the givers of the feast retired sweetly to bed with the pleasant reflection of having wasted half a year's income in rendering their friends miserable for an entire evening, and themselves ridiculous for the remainder of their lives.

It would be an easy matter to get up an entertainment, where pleasure in guests and hosts would be certain. What a purely celestial pleasure it would be to open a fine house for the entertainment of poor widows and orphans. How little danger there would be of displeasing the guests on such an occasion, and one would feel sure of being well spoken of by one's guests! Everybody must remember Dives's feast, which Lazarus only failed to give an annual dinner of fried sausages to the London chimney sweeps, and the delightful account which Dickens has given of that festival of the kind, which he had the good fortune to enjoy. I remember that I wondered when I first read it that such a feast could be given for so little money, and there seemed to be such delight in them. The Lord Mayor's dinner in Guildhall, and Mr. Rogers' breakfasts, are poor things in comparison with the chimney sweeps' dinner.

In the queer old town in which I was born, where fish formed the staple food of the people, it used to be the custom for the rich to give, on set days, to families who kept a row, to give what they called a veal feast, annually, at which all the near relations of the family, for a mile round, were drawn together, parents down to the great-grandchildren—not the slightest distinction being made in respect of worldly circumstances—and the poorest and most ragged were usually ranked and served up in a variety of ways, in capacious pewter dishes, which shone brighter than many services of silver which I have seen since. They were usually placed on the floor for these feasts, but it was not such finery as they purchase at fancy stores, for nothing could be plainer than the dresses worn on the day, but it was the prevailing color; but there were fine eyes, fine teeth, fine forms, fine complexions, and above all, fine countenances, which are the result of a mind conscious of either servility or pride. The grandfathers, uncles, and fathers-in-law wore drab breeches, and fine, blue, worsted stockings, and had remarkably fine-looking legs which they enclosed as though they loved them, and took pride in displaying their wonderful fine proportions; the grandmothers, aunts, and mothers-in-law wore drab cloth cloaks, which pulled tremendously when their wearers moved, with shirt-sleeves that left bare for anybody's admiration, (and they had admirers,) arms which any artist would have been unwilling to cover up. The young people were similarly dressed, but somewhat tempered by the fashion of the day, and the difference of their years. It was good old cider, for the farmer had not begun to destroy their apples-orchards to promote the ruinous cultivation of hops—and the ale was of the best—not acetly at twelve, and after they had feasted, servants and all—for the servants were probably cousins—dancing commenced. The tables were nicely dished up and sent to the sick and the poor, and the guests retired. A feast like this might be kept in Lent, without endangering one's chance of reaching heaven; at least, I should think so; but I am not sure. Here, then, was a pleasure in entertaining company, and the pleasure was mutual; but the pleasure of receiving company, necessarily, means the misery of giving misery to others.

Some people talk of the pleasure of doing good, as though there were no pleasure in doing evil to others. Why not do good always, and so keep up a round of pleasure, if they like it? There are pious people who give one hundred dollars to a poor man, and feel for a breast-pin; which affords them the greatest pleasure? They give a thousand dollars for a conspicuous pew in church, and appear at a church meeting! It is a pleasure to be thus publicly pious! The world has any admiration for goodness. They may admire it for its rarity, as they do a green monkey, or a bird with three legs; but they are much more wish to resemble it themselves than they have to resemble a lizard or an Albinoes. It is a common observation among moralists, that the world loves vice too good a man to be popular; and yet these people are as proud as peacocks when their political friends compliment them with the title of philanthropist for office, although it is a tacit acknowledgment that they are considered wicked, or weak enough to be popular. Vice and virtue both please the multitude alike, and it is easier to look down than up. A man would attract more notice in a gutter than on the road of a house. If you would be seen by the crowd, you must be willing to condemn to the lowest depths of misery. If virtue is to be a test of merit, they say, what will become of the fallen? Is virtue to be its own test, and self-to take pleasure in its own condemnation. Was not Christ crucified, and Barabbas liberated?

I know a young author who amuses himself with poets, to write long poems with a single pleasure for a theme; as the Pleasures of Hope, Memory, and so forth. Mr. Gay, the author of the Beggar's Opera, has a dialogue with the Pleasures of Friendship. Swedenborg has written a very long book on the Pleasures of Conjugal Love, a theme which no poet has yet sung worthy of it. Love is the greatest pleasure in both worlds. Many pleasures have not the least smack of a celestial aure. Such are the pleasures of getting rich, the pleasure of being the first in a field, the greatest of all terrestrial delights, because it ridicule of the whole human race. The pleasures of the street pleasure, which rests depend for its intensity, very much, on the kind of security taken. The pleasure of stealing a pocket-book is greatly heightened by the pleasure of reading and hearing oneself in print for the first time, are purely terrestrial; so is the pleasure of being criticised and nisquoted. A young author of poetry has the pleasure in the next world, where one pair of purple wings must last them forever. The pleasure of getting money is purely of this world; for the pleasure of getting rid of it is half paradisaical—particularly if it be given away; for to give, is to imitate the Giver of all good. The pleasure of being in a fine rage is also celestial. No pleasure is more earthly than that of being cheated, which we have good authority for believing, will be open to the moderate circumstances, though she had a circle of rich acquaintances who had once been poor, and were now, as a matter of course, fond of displaying their wealth. Her house was small, and when all the rooms were emptied of their furniture, they were capable of containing fifty persons comfortably, provided they all stood up, and stood still. One of the rooms was to be appropriated for dancing, another for the supper, and the third—which was one of those low closets called a tea-room—for cards and backgammon. The guests invited numbered one hundred and fifty, and they all came to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the discomfiture of each other, and laughing at their entertainers. They began to assemble at nine, and by ten the rooms were so full that those who came later had to wait a long time before being able to get their feet into the little passage which was good-humoredly called the hall. When the fiddlers attempted to play for the dancers, they could not make room for their elbows. But a couple of Mons. Chinaud's pupils, who had got into the middle of the floor for a waltz, succeeded in whirling round like the spinning of a chimney, and though they turned on a pivot, it was impossible to talk, because the breath was squeezed out of every body's lungs. Several of the gentlemen fainted. The ladies being accustomed to tight-lacing, stood the squeeze better. A good many coins were ground beneath heavy heels, and no bill taken. After much suffering, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open about midnight. A rush was made for the tables so sudden and impetuous, that a pair of decanters and a trencher of oyster

so discriminating a critic should have read my book so early. I must find him out. But hear what he says:—'This is a remarkable production, and we predict for it a rapid sale and a wide popularity. The profound thought, extensive learning, and original style of the author, will place him among the most remarkable men of the age. No library can be considered complete without it.' Complimentary, isn't it?" said the gratified author.

"You may well say so," coldly replied the publisher, "for I wrote it myself."

"Your wrote it?" exclaimed the author, staring wildly at his publisher, "and are those your real views?"

"To tell you the truth, my dear friend, I have not read a word of your book," said the publisher; "but I have no doubt it deserves all I have said of it."

The venerable young author was dreadfully shocked; but he cut out the notice, nevertheless, and put it away carefully in his pocket-book to be used in the event of his book going to a second edition. Poor mortals who expect pleasure from such puffed bladders as newspaper puffs, were with a good one in common with their remarks. One found fault with his drawing, another with his subject, and another with his color; some recommended him to painting landscapes, others to painting, and some to go to Italy. The last advice he thought very sensible, but very cruel, for his means were scarcely sufficient to enable him to remain at home. At last he took up a weekly paper, and exclaimed, "Eureka!" as his eyes greedily ran over a criticism in these words:—"No. 27. A truly original production. The tone, color, composition, and subject of this work, have afforded us unqualified pleasure. The artist is an honor to his country; he has spread in his pictures the fame with a new light on the great names of Europe, and he will be sure of fame and fortune. The shadows are a little too opaque, and the color is, perhaps, too raw; but the drawing is nearly correct as it might be; but in other respects, especially a certain cool warmth of the sky, the picture is perfect. The originality of the idea we shall not speak of. And I, too, am a painter!" exclaimed the happy Stipple, as he thrust the paper into his pocket, and hurried home to write a letter of thanks to the critic and writer. It would not be believed if we told the exact number of times that the delighted artist read this criticism, trying to discover the real meaning of the writer, and to find out his name, with the comparison of the old masters. It nearly brought on a fever trying to guess which of the old masters was meant. At last he resolved to appeal in person for an explanation, not doubting a hearty welcome from one who entertained such exalted views of his merits.

The critic was a small lawyer, to whom the publisher of the weekly paper had given a ticket to the exhibition on the evening of the private view of the artist's pictures; and having admired No. 58, he praised No. 59 by way of contrast, and to give an air of picturesqueness to his criticisms. The blank in the paper was occasioned by Mr. Stipple, coming on entering the critic's office, was rather dashed at being met by a blank stare from that terrible portsmaque.

"My name is Stipple," he said again; "I painted number 59, which you had the kindness to notice."

"Oh, indeed!" said the critic, "sit down, Mr. Stipple."

The artist sat down, and after waiting some time in silence, ventured to ask his admirer which of the old masters it was whose works had been brought to mind by his humble attempt in art?

"Which of them? why, the whole of them," replied the critic.

"Then you had no particular meaning in the remark when you applied to my picture?" said the artist.

"None in the world; but if they have given you pleasure, I am glad of it," said the critic, and he ushered the disappointed artist into the street.

The streets of Mexicare uncommonly wide, much more so than is necessary considering that they are paved only in the middle, for the foot-walks. The side walks are uncommonly narrow. The streets are all paved with round stone; the sidewalks are laid with flat stones. The houses in the principal streets are all two and three stories high. The elevation of the rooms, from the floor to the ceiling, eighteen feet, gives to the houses of two stories, a greater height than we are accustomed to see in houses of three.

The roofs are all terraced, and have parapet walls of from three to five feet high, affording all the purposes of a breast-work, a use too commonly made of them in the frequent revolutions to which that unfortunate country is subject. The parapet walls are built of rough stones of all shapes and sizes, and large quantities of lime mortar. They are very thick, and sometimes pierced for three loop holes, and in the largest edifices, of much greater massiveness. The foundations of most of the larger buildings are of porphyry, and the walls of substantial trades and professions would be ruined. It is the habit of self-deception which causes us to be so easily duped by others. The only person whom we deceive to any purpose is ourselves. No one else, no doubt, is ourself. When we go to judgment no thing will astonish us more than a knowledge of ourselves. We shall then see ourselves as others saw us. Our neighbor, who sees me but once a week, knows that I am indolent, wasteful, and careless; but I, who see myself all the time, am serious, saving, and humble. As for him, his negardelliness, and hypocrisy are the talk of the whole community. He thinks me proud, but I think his dumbness were bringing him to the poor-house.

We have already taken up too much of the reader's time to spend space here in telling the pleasures that might be enumerated; but we believe, in a reverent faith, that there are as many pleasures in this life as in the next, if we had the sense to enjoy them. The difference between the heaven and hell is sin, and sin is ignorance. Wisdom and pleasure are synonymous words in the Bible. The body is unquestionably the best of all sensual perceptions of which the soul is capable, but if it blunt the edge of our pleasures, it does the same to our pains. When the greatest delight of the body is over, we vanish. Its only means all vain employments. Love to God, charity, mercy, joy, conjugal love, friendship, the sweets of industry, the delights of a pure life, the innocent enjoyments of rural occupations, the satisfaction of a right use of our talents, the placidity of a quiet conscience, are all earthly pleasures, but they are not earthly in their origin. The shout in Heaven, and the zest of their enjoyment will be heightened by the recollection of their exquisite enjoyment here. But many will find themselves in heaven who never knew they knew will yield them none; they will do so, too, even while they continue others against the same conduct. Joseph Bonaparte, who was justly astonished in observing that fashionable people in London lost the respect of their friends by filling their house with costly furniture, while they laughed at their neighbors for doing the same thing. There is probably not a lady in Broadway who feels the slightest degree of respect, or veneration, or love, or friendship for Mrs. Astor, because her splendid upholsterer keeps in her drawing-room, which we saw exposed in an auction-room last week. What do we care whether Mr. Astor has a Turkey carpet or a tapestry carpet, or a Brussels carpet? Is it for ourselves? All our love and admiration are bestowed upon the artists and their works, not upon Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown, whose taste or dislike we without any regard to their property, which may pass into other hands to-morrow. But Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown expect to receive our praise for possessing those things which would afford none if they were not possessed.

Swedenborg has not designated the nature of the four hundred and seventy-eight pleasures expatiated by the dwellers in the lower heaven, where the number are found, but there is one which he mentions in another place, that exactly resembles one of the grand pleasures of this lower world. It is the delight of a parent's heart upon the entrance into life of his first-born. Is there conception in this pleasure? Is it of the earth, earthly? or is it not pure and celestial, free from all taint of selfishness and sin? Speaking of infants in heaven, Swedenborg says, "*when they entered, the flowers above the earth trance glittered most joyfully.*" Will not all pleasures of this world, and wasted in these barbaric ornaments, as incompatible with good taste as they are with the humility which is the most striking feature in the character of the Founder of our religion, whose chosen instruments were the lowly and humble, and who himself regarded as the highest evidence of his divine mission, the fact that "to the poor the Gospel was preached." I do not doubt but there is enough of the precious metals in the different churches of Mexico, to relieve, sensibly, the pressure upon the currency of the world, which has resulted from the diminished production of the mines, and the increased quantity of bullion that has been applied to purposes of luxury, and to pay the cost of much more tasteful decorations in architecture and statuary, made of materials less costly.

But the immense wealth which is thus collected in the churches, is not by any means all, or even the largest portion, of the wealth of the Mexican church and clergy. They own very many very fine houses in Mexico, and other cities, (the term of which must be enormous,) besides valuable real estates, all over the republic. Almost every person leaves a bequest in his will for masses for his soul, which constitutes an incumbrance upon the estate, and thus nearly all the estates of the small proprietors fall into the hands of the Church. The property held in the Church in mortmain is estimated at fifty millions.

From the Ohio Standard.

A FABLE NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY EDITION OF ESOP.

The Tiger and the Jackal had been hunting for several seasons together, when at length they became seized with a passion for new hunting-grounds, and a spirit of adventure equal to that of the first discoverers of the Spice Islands. They resolved to explore regions in the South and West. The country in the South was possessed chiefly by inoffensive and unwarlike animals, who were not much to be dreaded as enemies. Where they had gained possession, the Jackal proposed a division. The Tiger listened with a growl. "This region," said he, "is peculiarly adapted to my tastes and habits, and I claim it as my own." The Jackal grumbled, but not having spirit enough to resist, reluctantly acquiesced. "But think's my share," said the Jackal. "Be it so, then," said he, "be mine—and so I shall be compensated at last." He reminded the Tiger of their agreement to possess themselves of both countries. The Tiger acknowledged the justice of the claim, and the spirit of conquest. As they approached the border of the coveted Western region, they heard the roar of a lion. Each of the two claimed them, and prepared determined to maintain his possession. Suddenly the Tiger was seized with a trembling. "I have come to the conclusion," said he, "that I will not fight up here to me worth contending about after all. Besides my *domestic* affairs require my attention at home. Really, friend Jackal, you must receive me from quarter of this country; let him have it." The Jackal was satisfied that our best policy is to do nothing at all. If we pursue a course of masterly inactivity for a few years, our enemy will be ruined." The Jackal remonstrated. The Tiger turned up his nose at him. The Jackal remained him of their agreement. The Tiger had recourse to force. The Jackal was overpowered him with treachery. The Tiger had him help himself as he best might, turned on his heel, and was off.

Moral.—When slaveholders and Northern Liners set out to hunt for new territories, it is quite likely Texas will be annexed, but *where's Oregon*.

IMPORTANT—POTATO ROT.

PETER FORST, Patent Co., Pa. May 9.

To the Editor of the Saturday's Courier:—

DEAR SIR:—I observed in your paper of the 11th of April, 1846, at or near the bottom of the sixth column of the fourth page, an article headed thus: "Potato Rot." I will call your attention to the piece of the article:—"In the latter part of the summer of 1844, a farmer of the township of Lincoln, Addison county, Vermont, was digging his potatoes, and found the rot having his grass in his meadow. At night, some waggish boys went into one of his meadow, and cut down all the grass in it. They also went into his potato field, and in a few hours found it all dead. When the time came for digging, his potatoes were found principally rotten, except where the hogs had rooted them out. The farmer began to suspect the scythes as soon as the tops began to die."—*Cultivator.*

"Strange as this may appear, it is well worth the attention of farmers."—*Ed. Courier.*

Allow me now to state another fact, in corroboration of the above, which was communicated to a neighbor of mine, Mr. Aquilla D. Albright. His communication was published as follows, viz:—In the summer of 1844, Mr. Albright, on looking over his potato patch, discovered some of the tops to appear as if frost bitten, and examining the roots somewhat, he found they had just begun to rot, there being, here and there, a small speck on them. From this time forward, he kept a sharp look out upon them in the atmosphere, and attacked the tops first, and then the roots.

During the time came to dig his potatoes, he found many of them much diseased, and during fall and winter most of them rotted. In the summer of 1845, he determined to watch his potatoes, and if he found the rot attacking the tops, to cut them, so to take a scythe and mow all the tops off. About a week after blossoming time, he saw strong symptoms of the rot appearing on the tops, and cut them immediately. He, however, concluded to let them stand a few days, say four or five days, in order to let the potatoes get as large as they would, and he ordered his man to go and mow all the tops off.

Mr. Albright and a friend of his walked out to the patch, and his friend, on seeing the man at work mowing off the tops, remonstrated with Mr. Albright that he would ruin his crop of potatoes; upon which he made answer, that if left alone he was certain to lose about one-half of his crop, as was the case by no one else was another. Now, mark the result. Upon digging his crop, he found about three dozen rotten ones in about half of his rows, and in the other rows scarcely need he, not one of which rotted during the following winter, and he says he feels confident that potatoes can be saved in that way. I remain, &c.

JOHN MACLESEY.

PICTURE OF WAR IN MEXICO.

The growth of a military spirit in this country, is infinitely to be deprecated. Dr. Rush regretted the total silence of the Federal Constitution on the subject of education, for promoting and preserving *perpetual peace* in our country. Indeed, it is not improbable that one-fourth the money expended through such an office for the prevention of war, would effect the same object, as the sum raised by the *War office*, in the support of armies and the prosecution of war. After exhibiting the outlines of her self-denying efforts, the author adds:—"Let the following sentence be inscribed, in letters of gold, over the doors of every State and Court-house in the United States: The Sum of Man cake not into the Kingdom of Heaven, but to save Life."

And to affect the minds of the people of the United States with a sense of the blessings of peace, & contrasts and contrasts of war, the Doctor proposed the following inscriptions to be painted on a sign over the door of the *War Office*:—

1. An office for butchering the human species.
2. A widow and orphan making office.
3. A broken-bone making office.
4. A wooden-leg making office.
5. An office for creating private and public wretchedness.
6. An office for creating speculators, stock-jobbers, and bankrupts.
7. An office for creating famine.
8. An office for creating political diseases.
9. An office for creating poverty, and the destruction of liberty, and national happiness.

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